

**Jonas Geise**

# **STERNE, WELTEN, CLUBMITGLIEDER**

“Buddy, where are you standing?” asks the Jonas Geise in my imagination whenever he shows me a painting. He would never actually ask me that, says the real Jonas Geise and laughs. But since this was supposed to become a text for „Sterne, Welten, Clubmitglieder“, I have to stay inside my imagination. The question remains. Of course, I have no answer. Where are we, inside these images, and what gives us footing?

In the room? Yes, quite likely. But beyond that? Are we inside the depiction of an emotion; inside the rumination of a feeling for life ugh, Expressionism; is there a final refuge in some art-historical detail, in a Magritte background, perhaps? Are we looking for psychic antecedents, primordial soups where states are still undifferentiated Ovid, maybe, or once again united? The texts keep shoving those madeleines Marcel Proust into our mouths so often that you end up with a stale taste Gerhard Polt. You don't even want to swallow any more involuntary memory.

Maybe start from the material. We follow an evolution, the painter as prime mover ;) sets the impulse, sets the machine in motion; he can no longer control its course. One shade generates the next, one brushstroke justifies the other yay! Duktus, the paintings practically create themselves. The real Jonas Geise would love that. The imagined Jonas Geise is not so easily satisfied; he keeps insisting on answers. Where. Do. You. Stand.

Color gradients have always been part of painting. Sfumato sliding smoothly from one detail into the next. But when do we ever see a color gradient naked? Suddenly free and no longer serving the depicted? Maybe in eyeshadow. Too quickly, we think of early digital art, from a future that's already years behind us. Somehow we always end up in contradictions. If we approach this like a language – everything only has meaning because it is not everything else basic Saussure – then we might be halfway done soon enough. But it's too exhausting; you really can't bear those wood paths.

So where do we leave things? Should we content ourselves with the mysterious urge toward the image Samuel Beckett? Only what is human interests us, and everything human changes. Only things in motion hold our attention: crises, transitions, narration, and instability. If primordial soups, souls, and autonomous evolutions were human, they would interest us; maybe even mountains. But not like this. There is no gossip about nature or souls. If someone paints mountains, each new transparent layer of decisions settles over the landscape. You can gossip about mountain-painters. That's the only way to endure their paintings.

Assume there is a writer on a world trip, comfortable and self-sufficient in a self-built motorhome. He will never open the curtains of his traveling writing chamber. A Grand Tour that aims to see nothing of the world. But inevitably, fragments from

outside penetrate the isolation, and the author assembles them into stories he could never find anywhere else. That's the situation.

As a drummer, Jonas Geise knows his rudiments precisely and knows how variations in the small, in the building blocks, transform the complex whole. He gives us the building blocks and plays with our need for part and whole. Fragments contain everything; they touch on the themes that define us at our core. "Can you stand?" someone always asks when you're swimming. If the answer is yes, it's all over. To exist, something must be missing approx. Brecht. The central dilemma of visual art is how to depict change Beckett again. Jonas Geise's paintings are constantly in motion, they keep you in motion, and they offer just enough world that we can have a basic mode of being inside them. In his spaces, we tell ourselves fragmentary stories about ourselves as long as we can Beckett, last time, but nothing gives us support. Forever en pointe. The question was wrong from the start. There is no rest stop here, buddy.

Text: Martin Mlineritsch